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THE JAM #8

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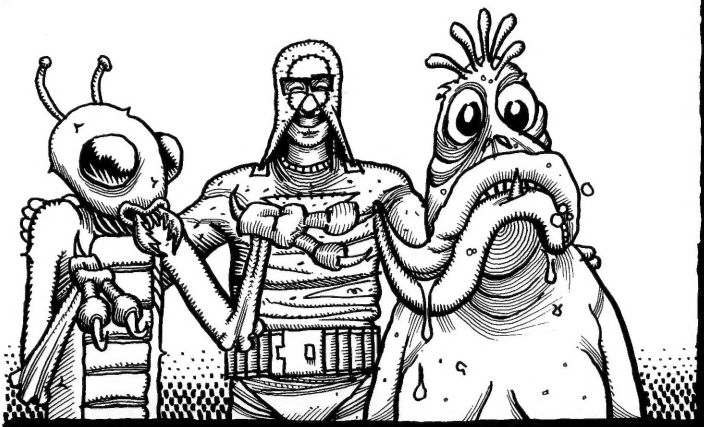
THE JAM™

URBAN ADVENTURE



"... SAID the MADMAN."

CHAPTER THREE.

EDITOR · DIANA SCHUTZ

STORY AND ART · BERNIE MIREAULT

HEY, YOU! WRITE TO ME. 5586 CLARK ST. MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA. H2T 2V4.

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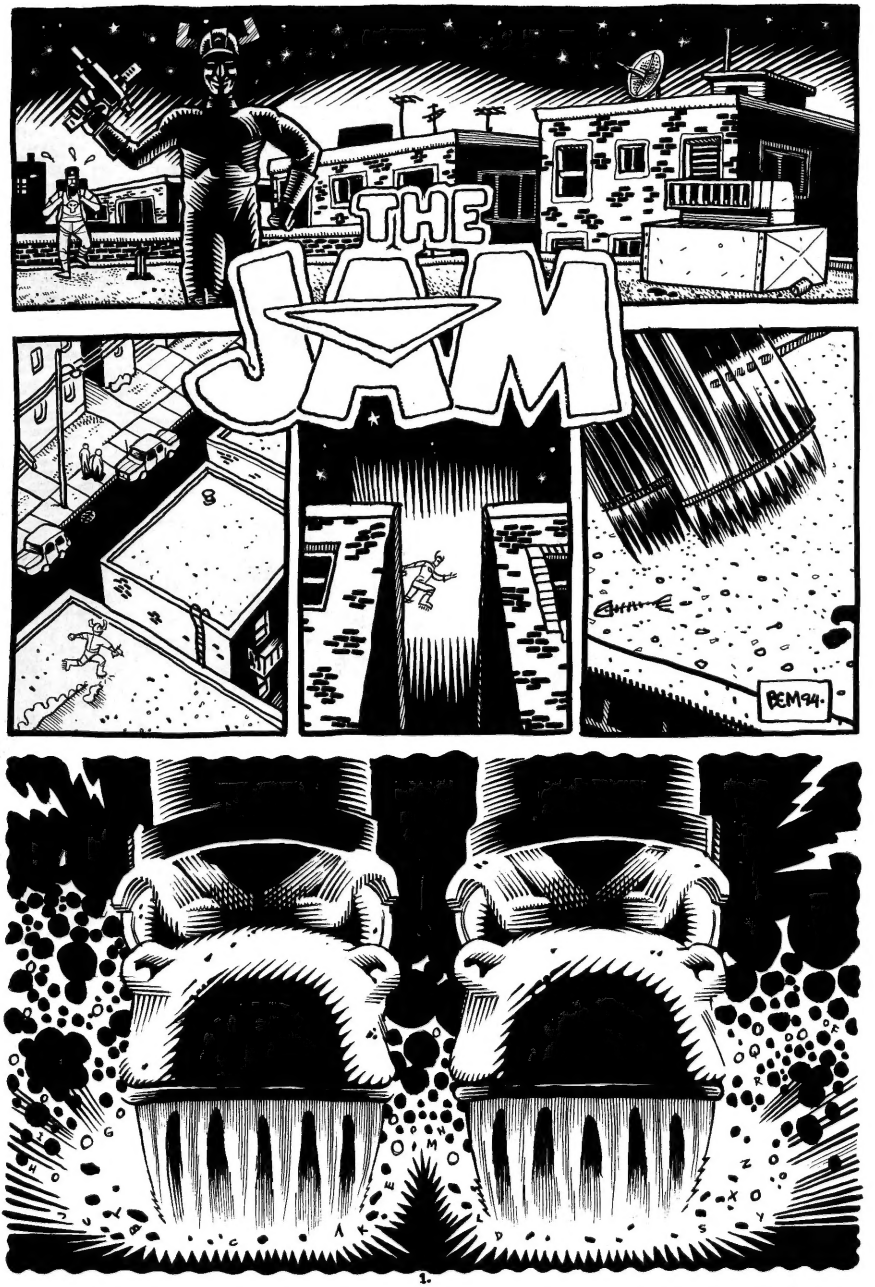
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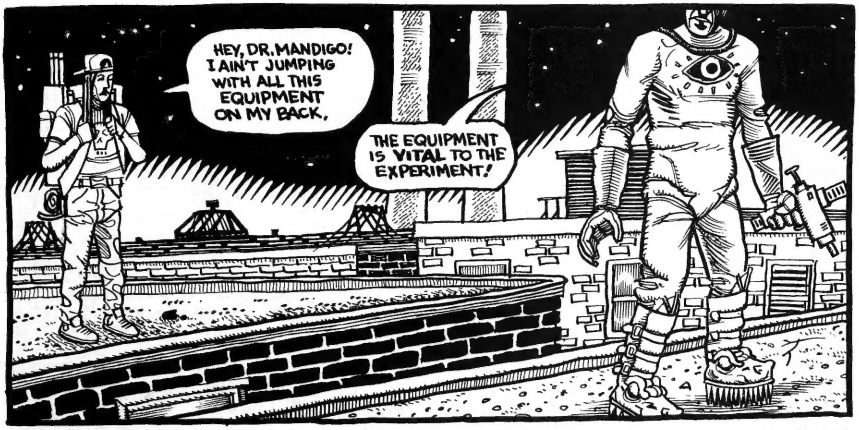
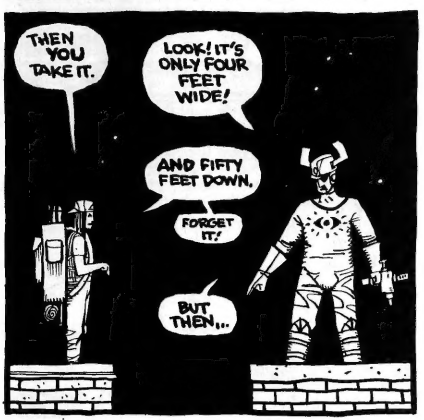
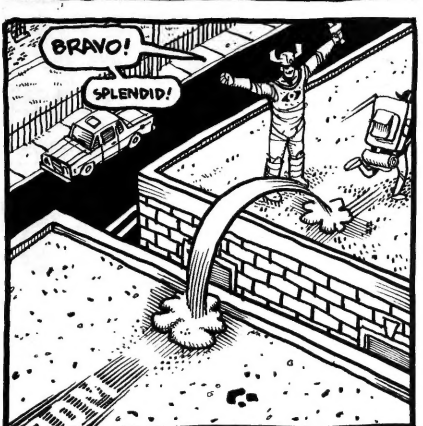

HEY, DR. MANDIGO! I AIN'T JUMPING WITH ALL THIS EQUIPMENT ON MY BACK.
THE EQUIPMENT IS VITAL TO THE EXPERIMENT!


THEN YOU TAKE IT.
LOOK! IT'S ONLY FOUR FEET WIDE!
AND FIFTY FEET DOWN.
FORGET IT!
BUT THEN...

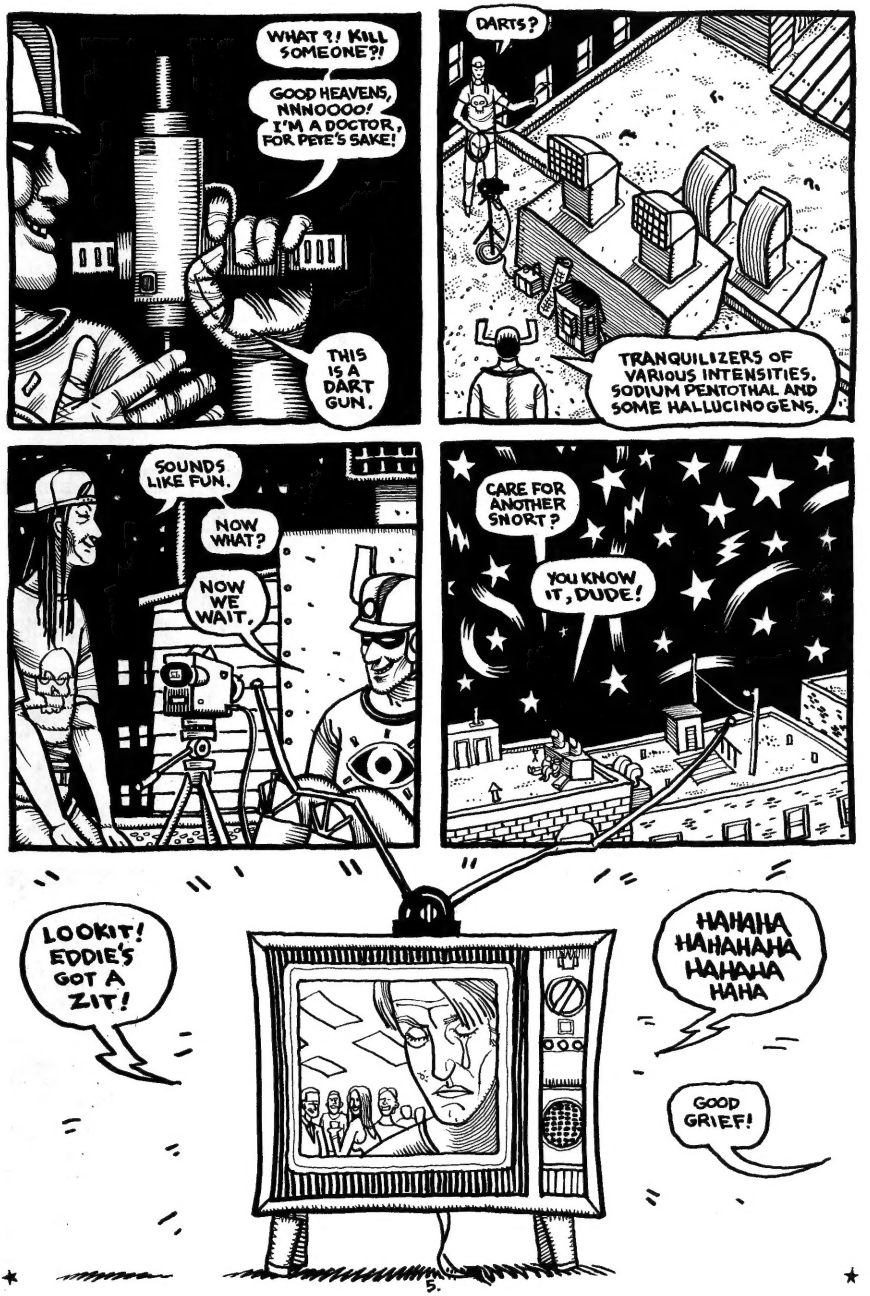
...WHO WILL HELP ME DO ALL OF THIS EXCELLENT COCAINE, HMMMMM?

YOU GOT SOME COKE?
I HAVE LOTS OF THE BEST COCAINE MONEY CAN BUY! COME HERE.

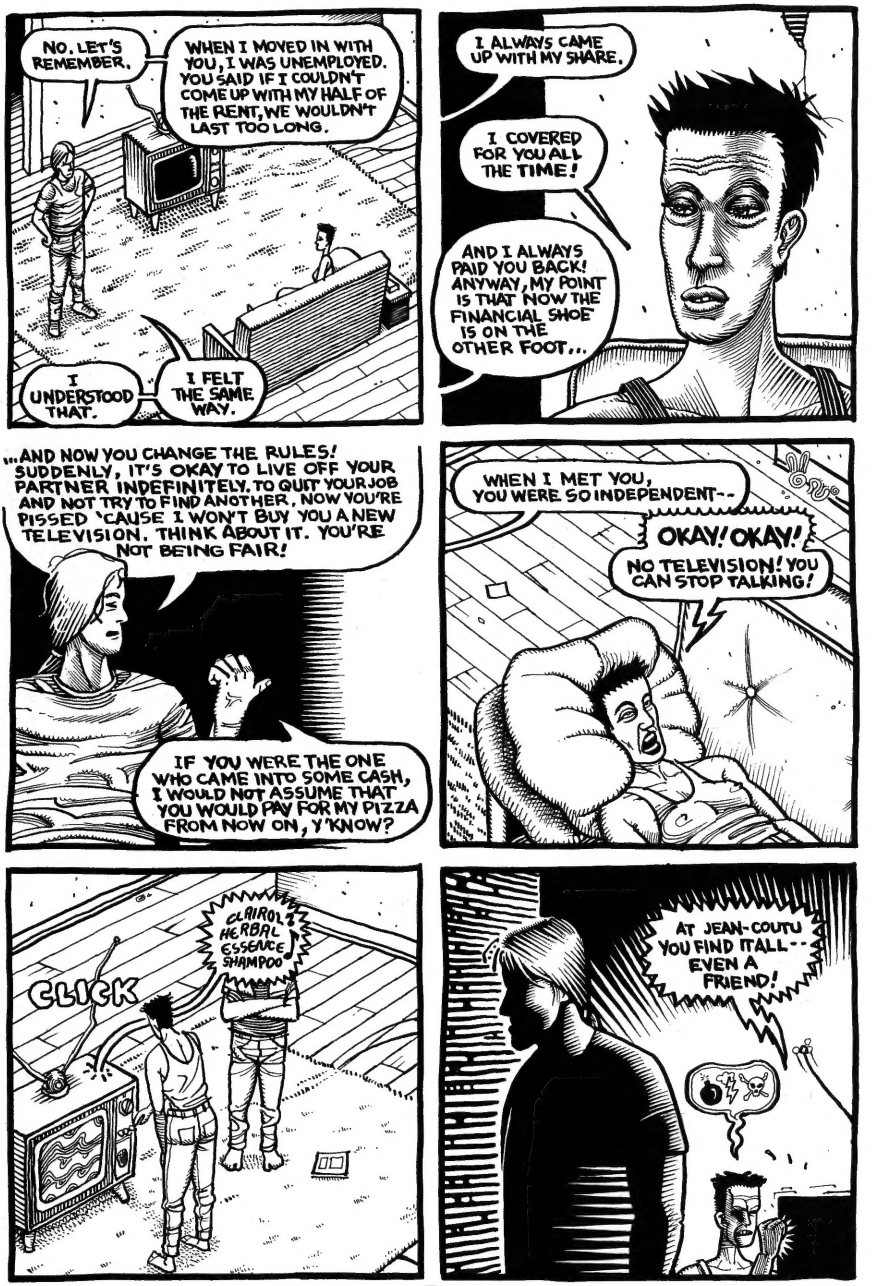

BRAVO!
SPLENDID!

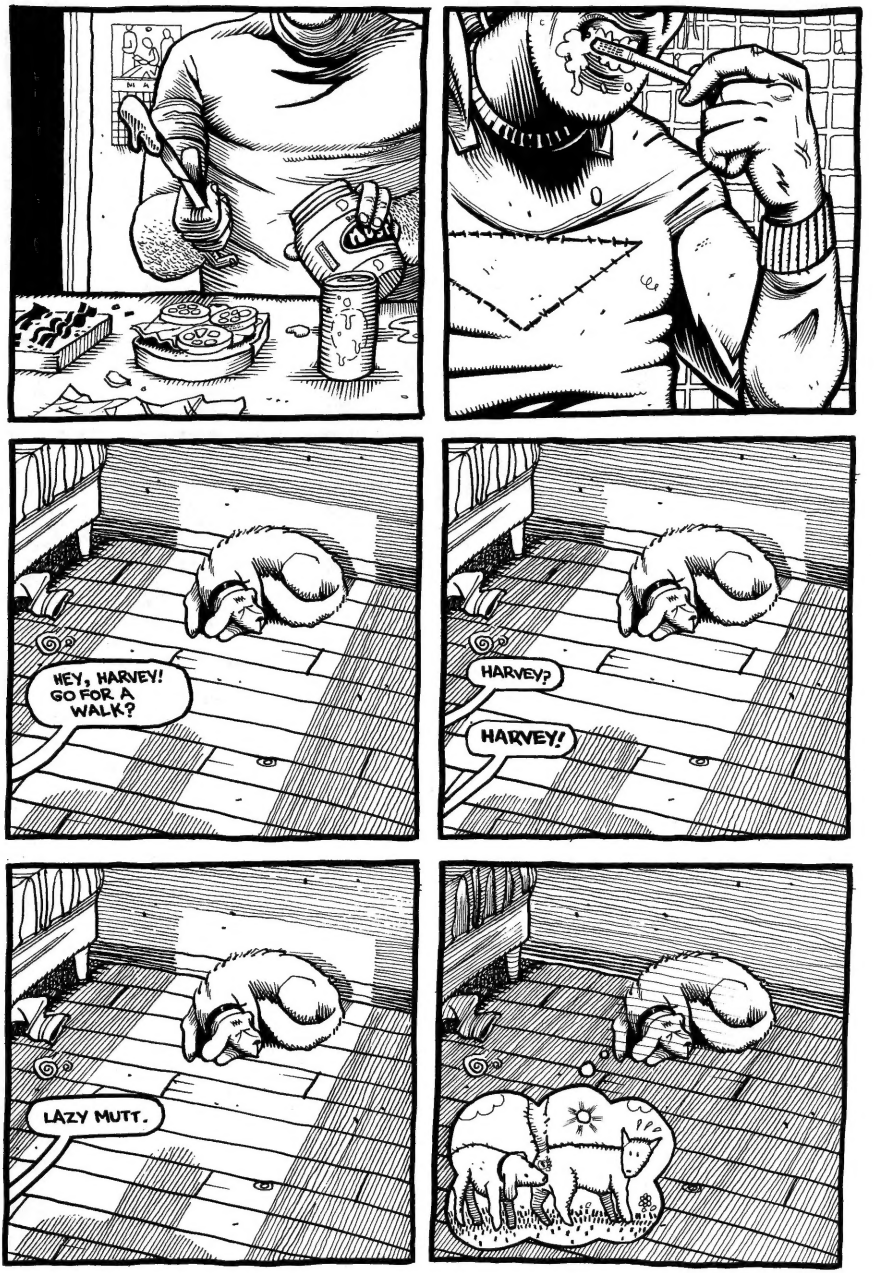
YOUR REWARD.
ALL RIGHT, DUDE!
PARTY!

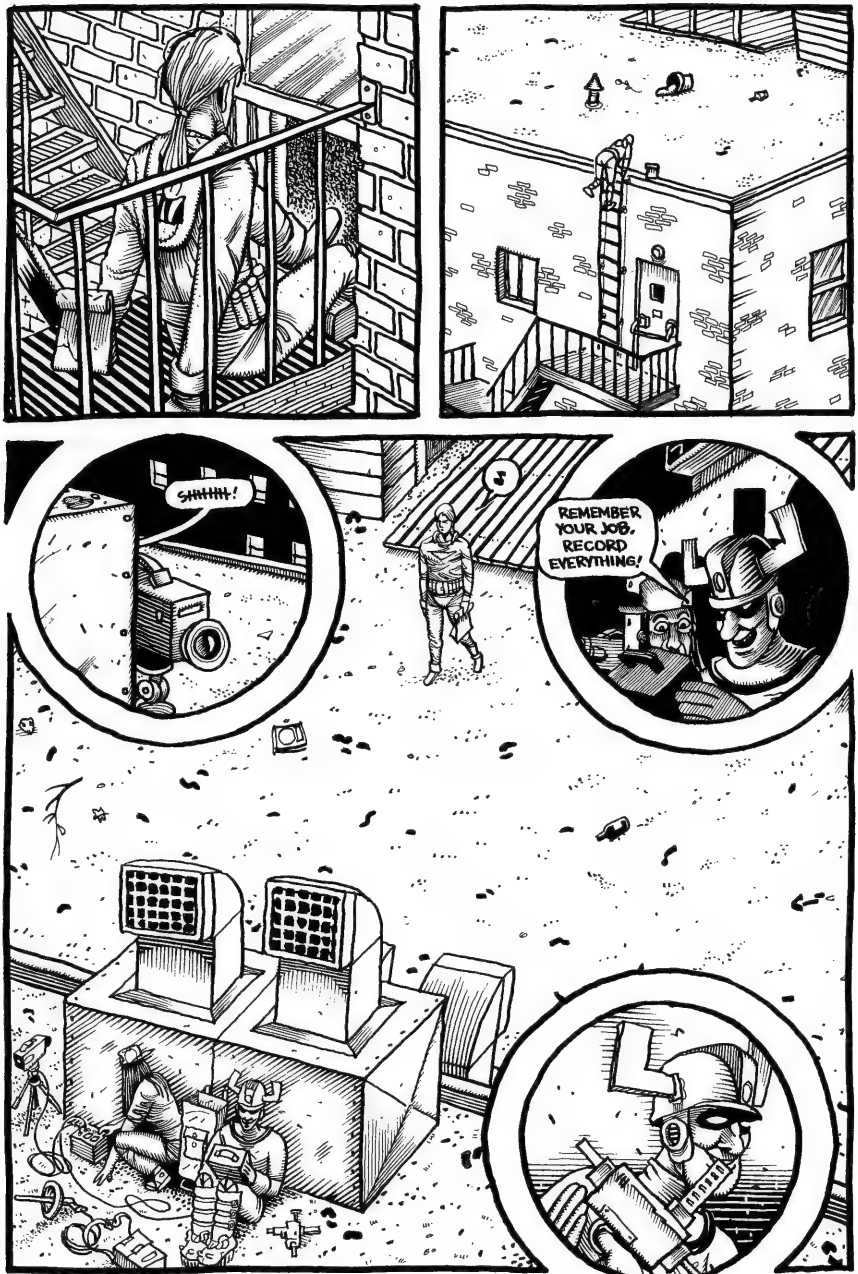
GOOD STUFF.
YES. NOW PAY ATTENTION! DON'T CALL ME BY NAME AGAIN. FROM NOW ON, I WILL BE MISTER ONE AND YOU WILL BE MISTER TWO. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIR, MISTER ONE.
EXCELLENT!
WE'RE ALMOST THERE. FOLLOW ME.
HERE.
SET UP THE CAMERA HERE. AIM IT AT THE NEXT ROOF.
HEY, MISTER ONE! WHAT'S WITH THE GUN? YER NOT GONNA WASTE SOMEBODY, ARE YOU?

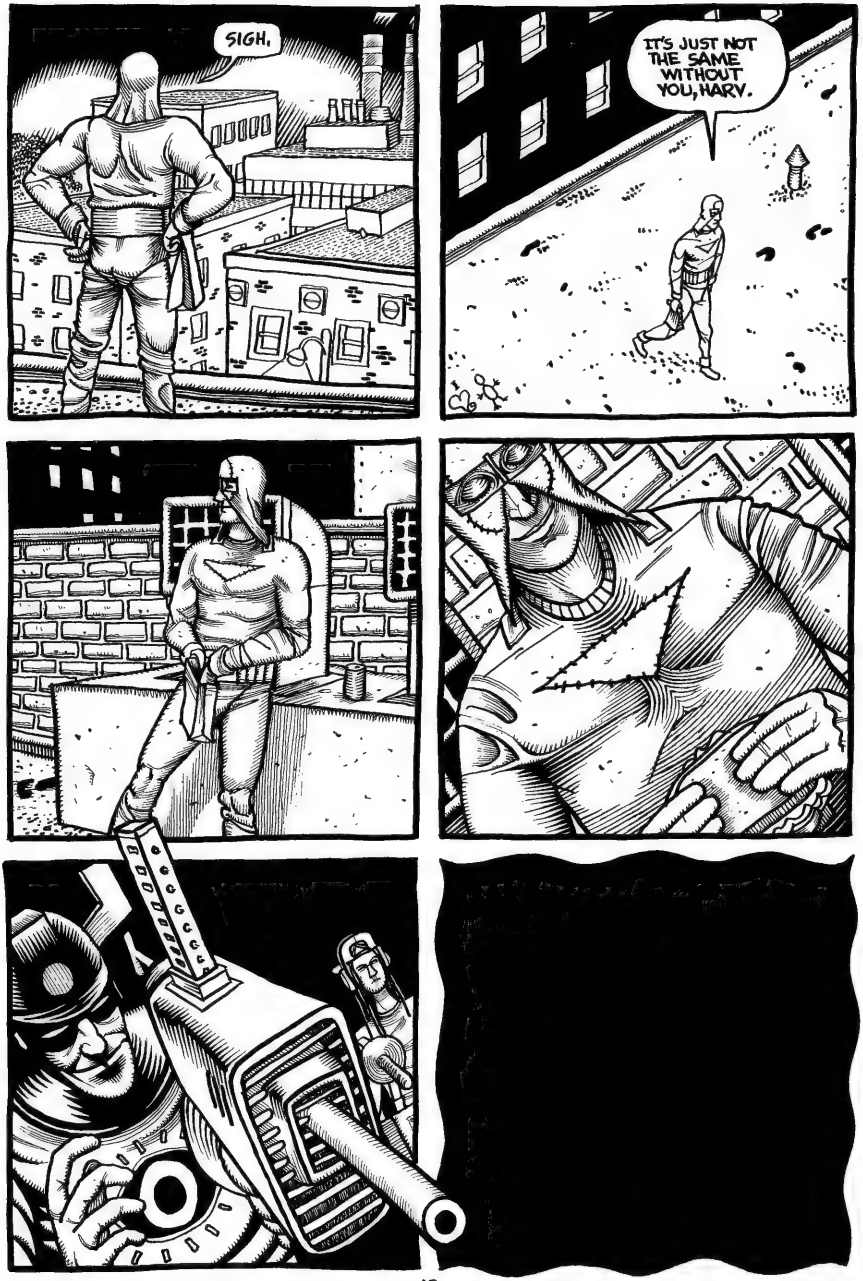

WHAT?! KILL SOMEONE?!
GOOD HEAVENS, NNNOOOO! I'M A DOCTOR, FOR PETE'S SAKE!
THIS IS A DART GUN.
DARTS?
TRANQUILIZERS OF VARIOUS INTENSITIES. SODIUM PENTOTHAL AND SOME HALLUCINOGENS.
SOUNDS LIKE FUN.
NOW WHAT?
NOW WE WAIT.
CARE FOR ANOTHER SNORT?
YOU KNOW IT, DUDE!
LOOKIT! EDDIE'S GOT A ZIT!
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA HAHA
GOOD GRIEF!

NNNNNG!
I LIKE THE POWER.
NO ONE'S FORCING YOU TO WATCH IT, GORDIE.
YOU'RE RIGHT. WHY DO I DO IT?
NINE OUT OF TEN DOCTORS AGREE-
OH,NO! THE PICTURE'S GONE AGAIN!
DRK
NO PROBLEM! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LET IT COOL DOWN.
GROAN!
WHY DON'T WE JUST BUY A NEW ONE?
CLICK
WE HAVE THE MONEY.
JANET, THAT MONEY IS MINE.
YOU WANT A NEW TV? YOU GET IT YOURSELF!
BOY! LISTEN TO YOU! YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE YOU WORKED FOR IT! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD BE SO CHEAP!
CHEAP?! WHO THE HELL'S BEEN PAYING YOUR SHARE OF THE RENT AND FEEDING YOU FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS?
I THOUGHT YOU APPRECIATED IT! NOW IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION.
I AM NOT!
LOOK! FORGET THE STUPID TV! I'M SORRY I MENTIONED IT!


NO, LET'S REMEMBER.
WHEN I MOVED IN WITH YOU, I WAS UNEMPLOYED. YOU SAID IF I COULDN'T COME UP WITH MY HALF OF THE RENT, WE WOULDN'T LAST TOO LONG.
I UNDERSTOOD THAT.
I FELT THE SAME WAY.
I ALWAYS CAME UP WITH MY SHARE.
I COVERED FOR YOU ALL THE TIME!
AND I ALWAYS PAID YOU BACK! ANYWAY, MY POINT IS THAT NOW THE FINANCIAL SHOE IS ON THE OTHER FOOT...
...AND NOW YOU CHANGE THE RULES! SUDDENLY, IT'S OKAY TO LIVE OFF YOUR PARTNER INDEFINITELY. TO QUIT YOUR JOB AND NOT TRY TO FIND ANOTHER. NOW YOU'RE PISSED 'CAUSE I WON'T BUY YOU A NEW TELEVISION. THINK ABOUT IT. YOU'RE NOT BEING FAIR!
IF YOU WERE THE ONE WHO CAME INTO SOME CASH, I WOULD NOT ASSUME THAT YOU WOULD PAY FOR MY PIZZA FROM NOW ON, Y'KNOW?
WHEN I MET YOU, YOU WERE SO INDEPENDENT--
OKAY! OKAY!
NO TELEVISION! YOU CAN STOP TALKING!
CLICK
CLAIROL HERBAL ESSENCE SHAMPOO
AT JEAN-COUTU YOU FIND ITALL--EVEN A FRIEND!

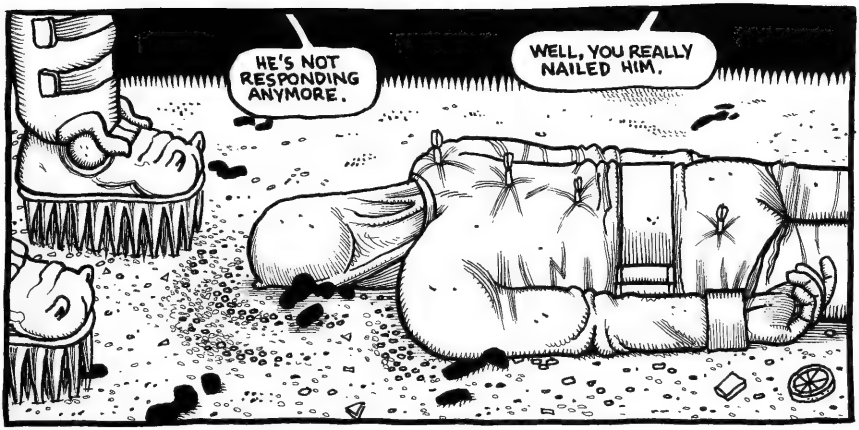

HEY, HARVEY! GO FOR A WALK?
HARVEY?
HARVEY!
LAZY MUTT.


SHHHH!
REMEMBER YOUR JOB. RECORD EVERYTHING!


SIGH.
IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME WITHOUT YOU, HARV.

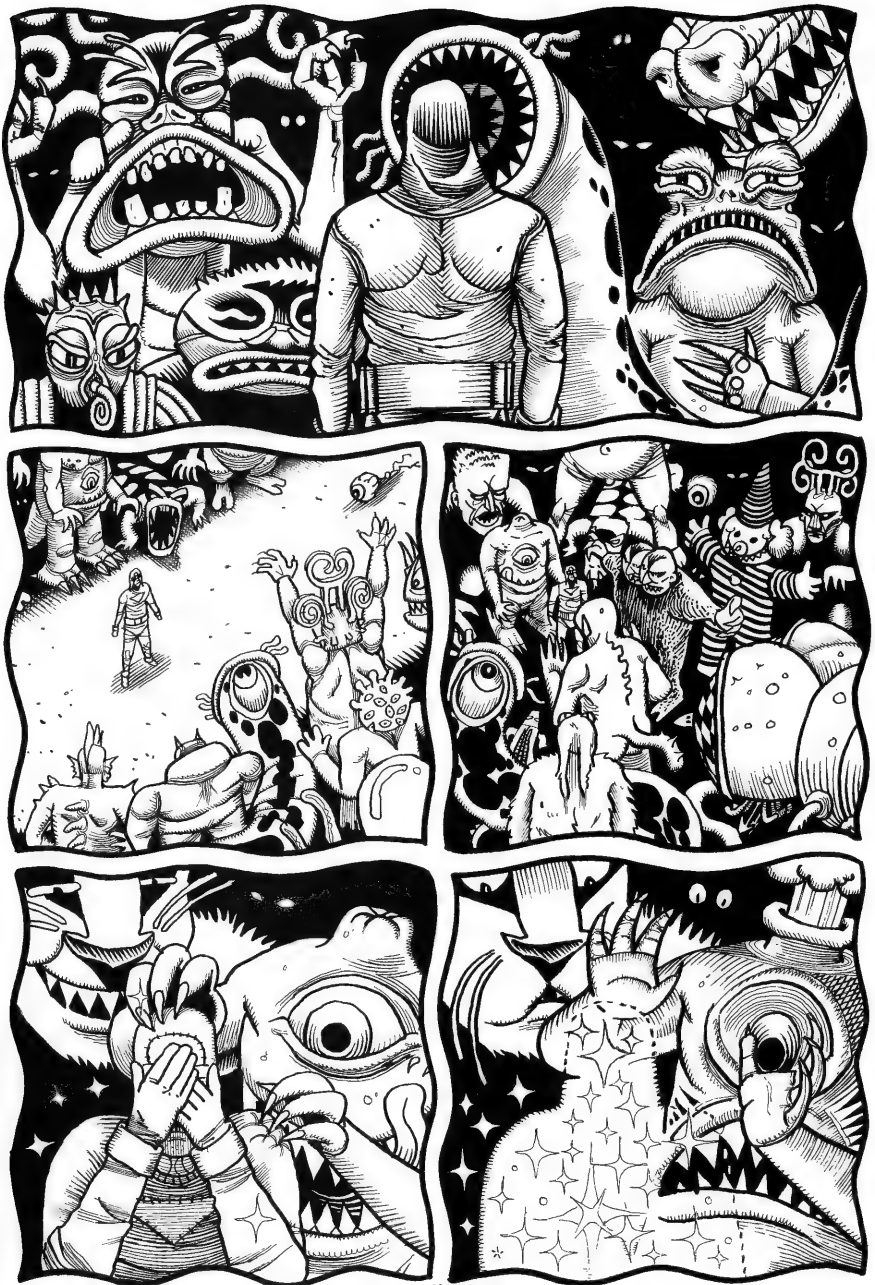
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE AM I?
YOU ARE HAVING A DREAM.
IT IS A DREAM OF HOW YOU FIRST CAME TO PUT ON THE COSTUME. TELL ME!
WHO'S THERE?!
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!
HELLO?!
I AM HERE.
I AM YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND. YOU ARE DREAMING. TELL ME ABOUT THE COSTUME.
RELAX.
WHY DOES MY BACK HURT?
ER... YOU'RE SLEEPING ON GRAVEL.
I FEEL VERY STRANGE.
IT IS MERELY AN UNUSUALLY VIVID DREAM. RELAX. TELL ME ABOUT THE COSTUME.
AM I DEAD?
NNNOOOO! YOU ARE SLEEPING. YOU WANT TO TELL ME YOUR ORIGIN...
IF YOU'RE REALLY MY SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, THEN YOU ALREADY KNOW ALL THAT AND MORE.
I SAID...

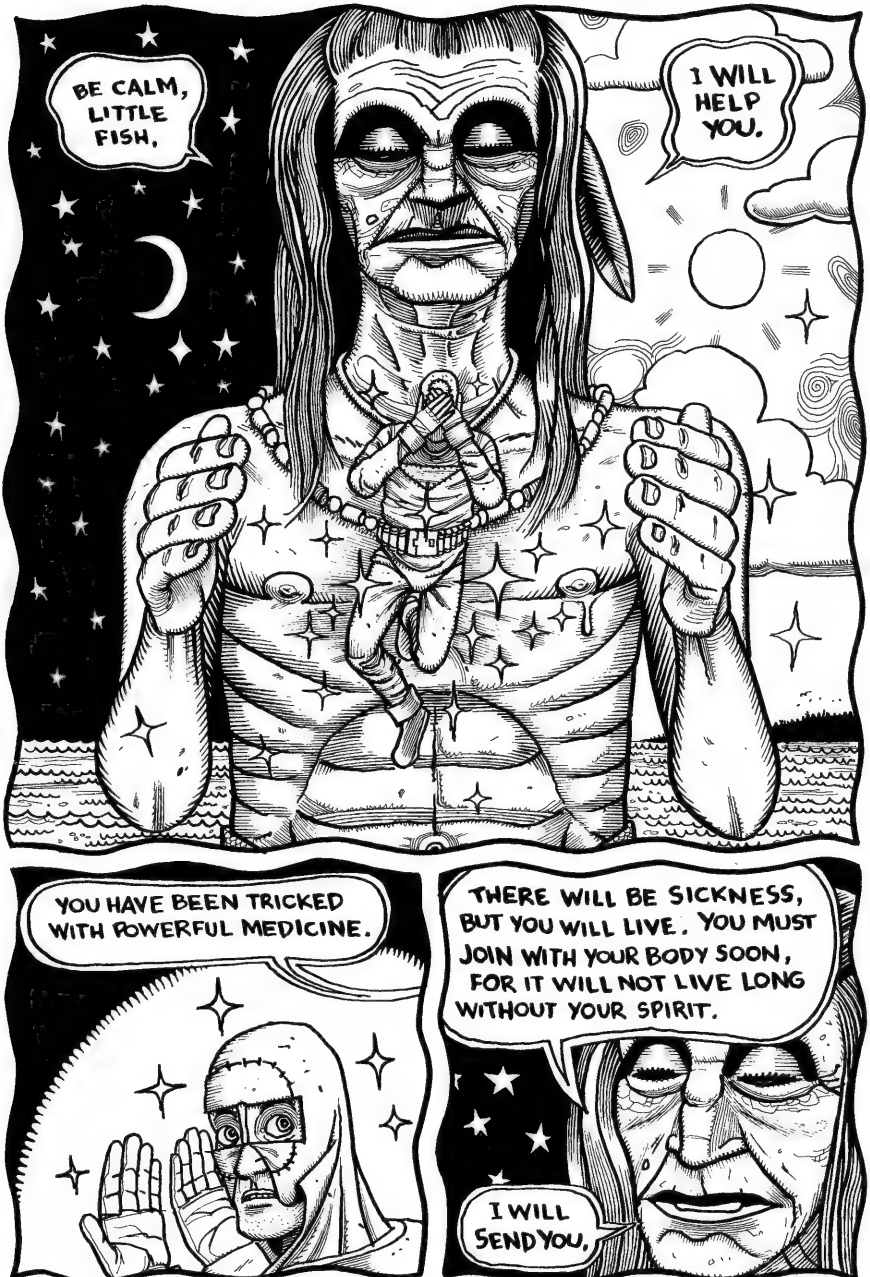
...TELL ME!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
COME BACK!

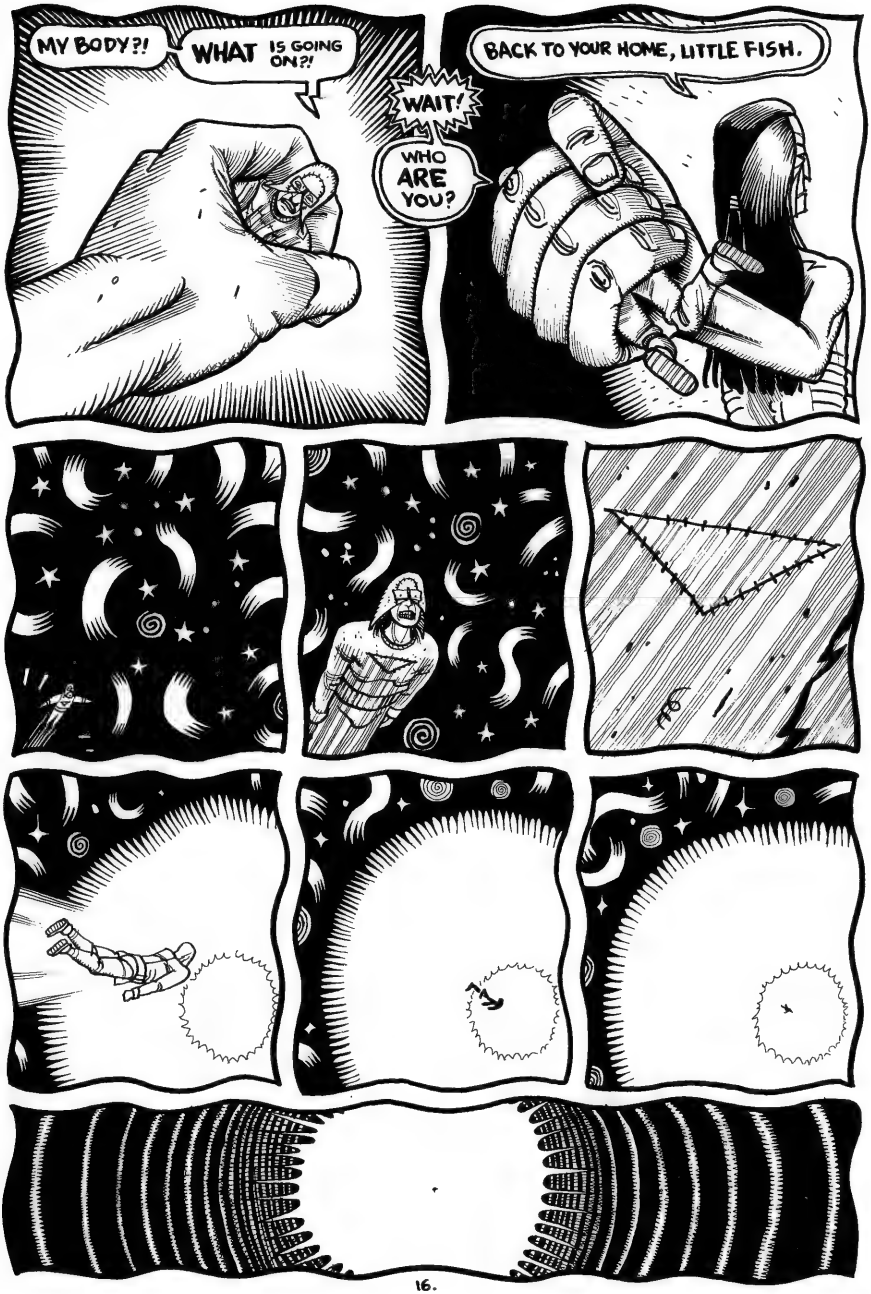

HE'S NOT RESPONDING ANYMORE.
WELL, YOU REALLY NAILED HIM.

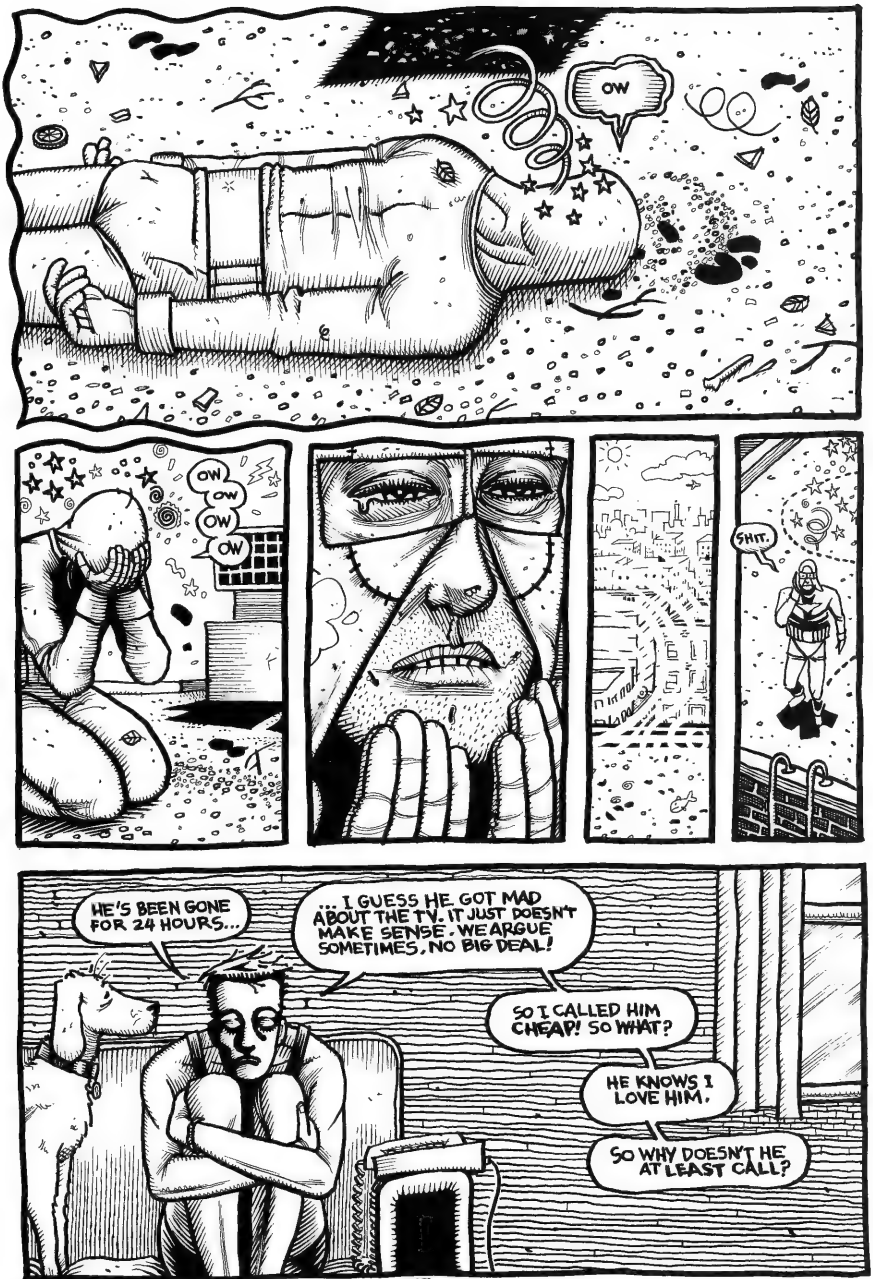
THIS IS AWFUL!
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE DAMN GUN WAS SET FOR AUTOMATIC FIRE! I MEANT TO USE A SINGLE SHOT.
IZZY DEAD?

I JUST PRAY THAT I HAVEN'T KILLED HIM! PACK UP THE EQUIPMENT, AND I'LL RETRIEVE THE DARTS! WE MUST LEAVE NO TRACE!
HURRY!
JUST CHILL, MISTER ONE. EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL.



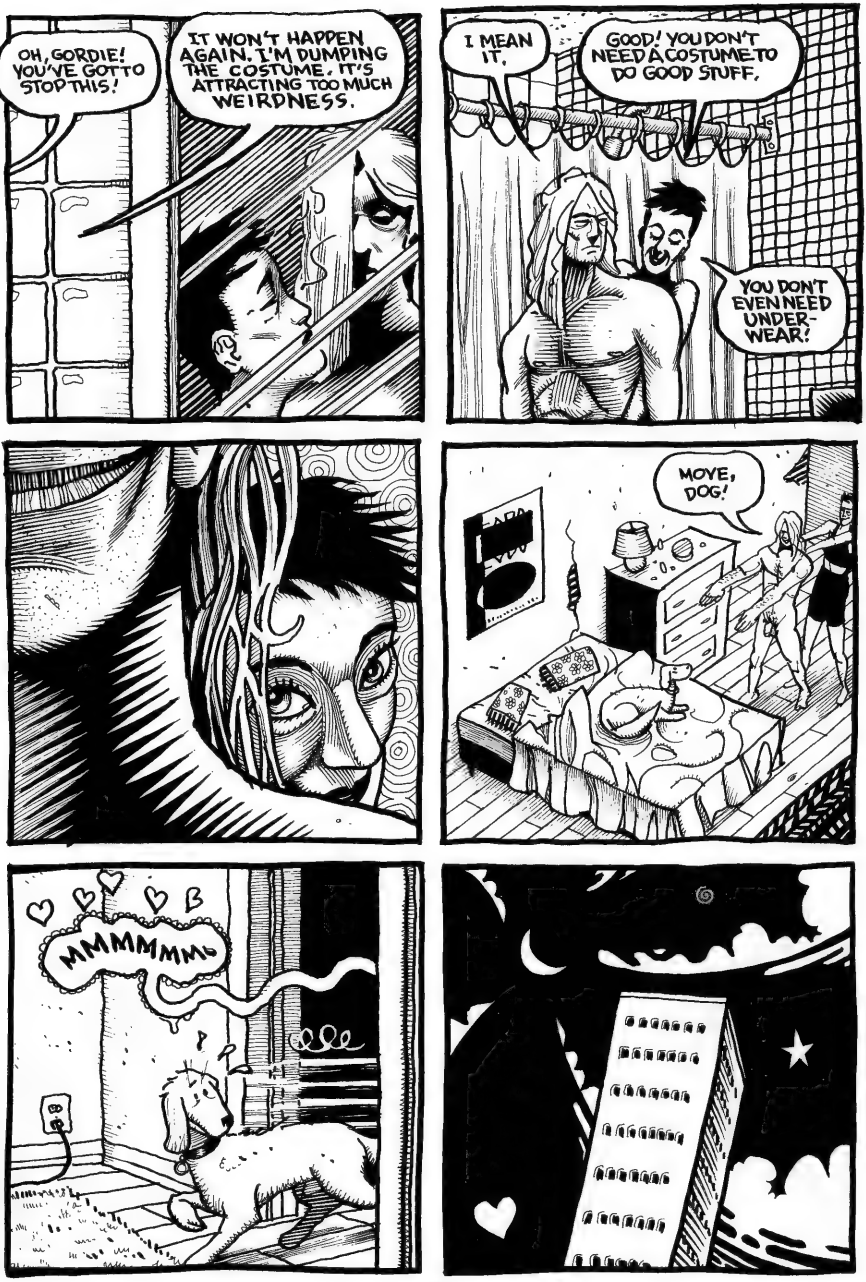

BE CALM, LITTLE FISH.
I WILL HELP YOU.
YOU HAVE BEEN TRICKED WITH POWERFUL MEDICINE.
THERE WILL BE SICKNESS, BUT YOU WILL LIVE. YOU MUST JOIN WITH YOUR BODY SOON, FOR IT WILL NOT LIVE LONG WITHOUT YOUR SPIRIT.
I WILL SEND YOU,


MY BODY?!
WHAT IS GOING ON?!
WAIT!
WHO ARE YOU?
BACK TO YOUR HOME, LITTLE FISH.

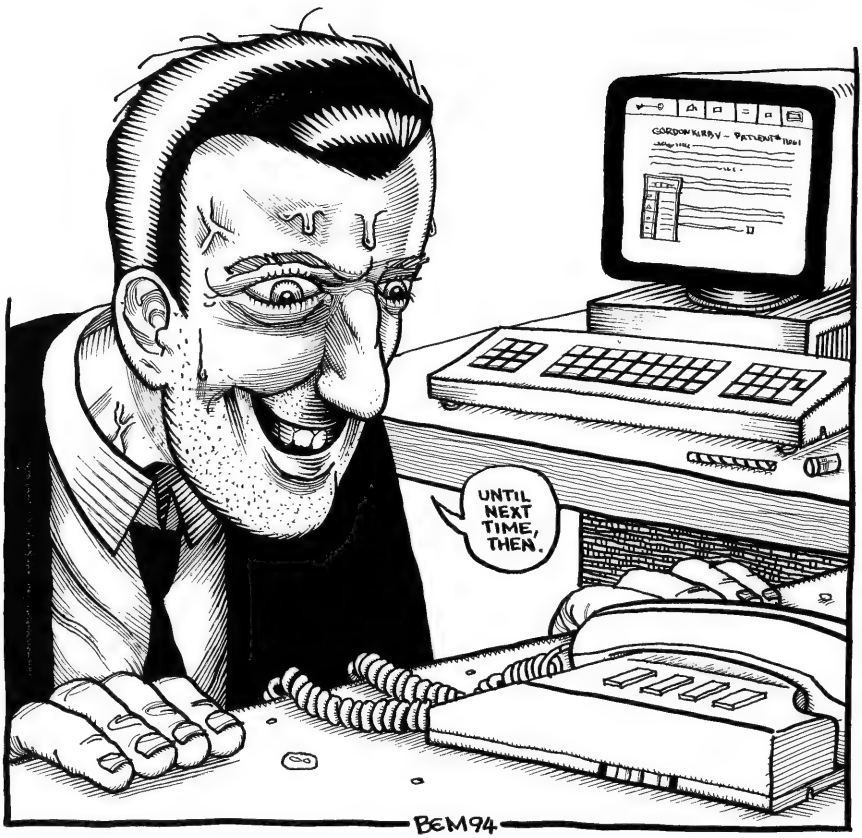

OW
OW
OW
OW
OW
SHIT.
HE'S BEEN GONE FOR 24 HOURS...
... I GUESS HE GOT MAD ABOUT THE TV. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WE ARGUE SOMETIMES, NO BIG DEAL!
SO I CALLED HIM CHEAP! SO WHAT?
HE KNOWS I LOVE HIM.
SO WHY DOESN'T HE AT LEAST CALL?

SHUUUUUCK:
BUMP BUMP
GORDIE?
'S ME.
THUD
OW.
-SPROING-
OH MY GOD!!

AARRRRRFUK
OH, COME ON!
SSSSS
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO INSISTS ON USING THIS STUFF. I THINK IT'S BARBARIC!
I LIKE HYDROGEN PEROXIDE.
WELL..
THEY LOOK BETTER NOW THAN THEY DID YESTERDAY.
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, JANET?
I TOLD YOU! SOME SICKO WITH A PELLET GUN SAW YOU RUNNING AROUND THE ROOF WITH THAT COSTUME OF YOURS ON AND DECIDED THAT YOU WERE FAIR GAME.
WHAT ABOUT MY VISION OF MONSTERS AND THE OLD INDIAN?
YOU WENT INTO SHOCK, YOU HALLUCINATED.
I WAS UNCONSCIOUS FOR SIXTEEN HOURS!


OH, GORDIE! YOU'VE GOTTO STOP THIS!
IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN. I'M DUMPING THE COSTUME. IT'S ATTRACTING TOO MUCH WEIRDNESS.
I MEAN IT.
GOOD! YOU DON'T NEED A COSTUME TO DO GOOD STUFF.
YOU DON'T EVEN NEED UNDER-WEAR!
MOVE, DOG!
MMMMMM

RRRRINGGGG
HELLO?
GORDON KIRBY, PLEASE.
SPEAKING.
HELLO?
:CLICK:
WHO WAS THAT?
DON'T KNOW. THEY HUNG UP.
HOW'S THE NEW TELEVISION?
NICE!


GORDON KIRBY - PATIENT# 1001
UNTIL NEXT TIME, THEN.
BEM94

ALIENS TRASHED MY APARTMENT

IT'S TRUE, UNINVITED GUESTS FROM THE OUTER LIMITS CRASHED MY PAD!

THEY BROKE IN AND PARALYZED ME WITH THEIR RAY GUNS.

I WAS FORCED TO WATCH, HELPLESSLY, AS THEY HOOTENANNIED IN MY HOME.

THEY DRANK ALL MY BEER AND GOT TOTALLY WASTED.
SLUG
THE ALIENS FUCKED UP MY C.D. PLAYER.
AND DESTROYED MY COMIC-BOOK COLLECTION!
RIP
RIP
THE JAM
I WAS NOSE-PROBED!!
GAAK!
WHAT THEY DID TO MR. KITTY I'LL NEVER KNOW.
AND THEY LEFT A SHITLOAD OF DIRTY DISHES IN MY SINK!!
I ESCAPED... SOMEHOW.
IT WAS IN ALL THE NEWSPAPERS!
THE IRRATIONAL INQUIRER
LIZ MARRIES ELVIS' CORPSE
ALIENS TRASHED MY APARTMENT
SO CONSIDER YOURSELF...WARNED
SO WHAT'LL IT BE TONIGHT? CHINESE?
THE END?

the early DAZE

ABU

I REMEMBER THERE WAS THIS BIG KID CALLED EDMUND.
HEY, EDDY...WHERE YA GOIN'?
HE WAS ALWAYS SAYING OR DOING SOMETHING TO BUG ME.
I'M GOIN' OVER TO TOMMY'S FOR A PIZZA AN' YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY, SO YOU CAN JUST FORGET IT.
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA EAT AN ENTIRE PIZZA, AN' I CAN'T HAVE ONLY ONE SLICE?!
BE A HOG, WHY DON'TCHA! CRIPES.
NONETHELESS, I REGARDED EDMUND WITH FASCINATION.
YES?
I'LL HAVE AN EXTRA LARGE AN' 4 COKES.
TOMMY PIZZA
OG
JEEZ, EDMUND, WHY D'YA RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD PIZZA BY COATING IT WITH SALT AN' PEPPER LIKE DAT?
SHAKE SHAKE
DAT WAY NOBODY'S GONNA ASS ME FER A SLICE.
SHAKE SHAKE

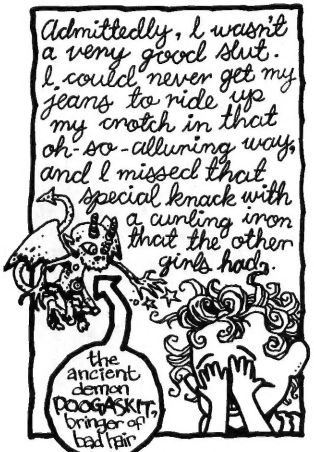
SLUTS
a TALE of wasted Youth
a West Island
by Alex & Rupert ©94

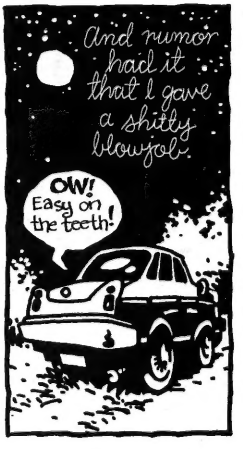
Growing up in the suburbs was a peculiar experience.
Growing up, in general, is very strange, I suppose.

Everyone, no matter where they come from, is part of a pecking order. If you picked your nose in Kindergarten, you're pretty much doomed 'til grade 7.
Class, this is...
(nose-picker for sure!)

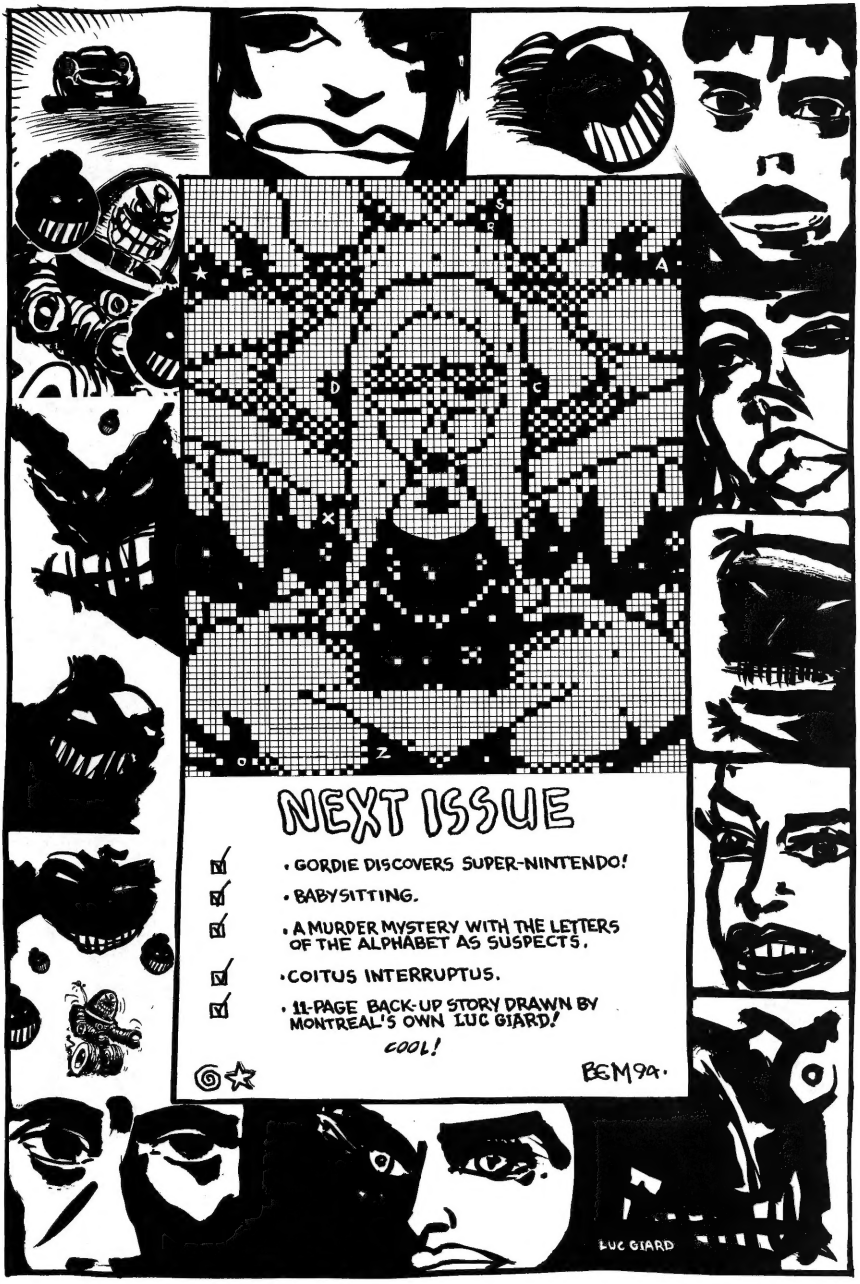
Of course, lately it's very stylish to pick your nose, so that's kind of a moot point.
I DRAW COMICS
the GOLD MINE of GENIUS!

I grew up in the West Island. I was a Slut. I figured if I was going to be sentenced to station-wagon purgatory, I'd at least get a nasty reputation for myself.


Admittedly, I wasn't a very good slut. I could never get my jeans to ride up my crotch in that oh-so-alluring way, and I missed that special knack with a curling iron that the other girls had.
the ancient demon POOGASKIT, bringer of bad hair


And rumor had it that I gave a shitty blowjob.
OW! Easy on the teeth!

But I was still a Slut and part of a gang, and I got called on when anything cool was going down.
SHREEEiiik! Get over here quick! Tammy's stuck in her Jordaches and she can't get up!
that's it.


NEXT ISSUE
• GORDIE DISCOVERS SUPER-NINTENDO!
• BABYSITTING.
• A MURDER MYSTERY WITH THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET AS SUSPECTS.
• COITUS INTERRUPTUS.
• 11-PAGE BACK-UP STORY DRAWN BY MONTREAL'S OWN LUC GIARD!
COOL!
BEM 90.
LUC GIARD

DAVE COOPER
BEM 94